

E 411  
.A42

**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00005028127









# PENCILLINGS

OF SCENES UPON

## THE RIO GRANDE;

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY THE

SAINT LOUIS AMERICAN.

~~~~~  
BY THE REV. L. L. ALLEN.

Chaplain to the La. Volunteers, in the United States Service,  
upon the Rio Grande.



NEW YORK,

1848.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 8th, 1847.

To Gen. J. D. LEARNED:

*My Dear Friend:*—Ingratitude is justly considered one of the blackest stains to the human character—while gratitude is esteemed one of the highest virtues that animates the human heart. To you, sir, I feel more indebted than to any other man living, for you took me kindly by the hand, when comparatively a stranger, and generously sustained my sinking head, at a time when disease, of long standing, had nearly crushed every hope of usefulness to myself, my country, or the church. You, sir, encouraged me to look forward, with confidence to a brighter period, in the chequered history of my life; and by your exertions and influence, other partial friends were induced to look kindly upon me. You encouraged me, to submit my “Pencilings of Scenes upon the Rio Grande,” to the public; you opened the columns of your excellent paper for their publication—you sent them abroad, and they have been commended, and numerous copied by others.

Permit me, now, to express the warm feelings of my heart to you, and my other kind friends, who, in their benevolence, have tendered me their sympathy while suffering under severe affliction. Their memory will be enshrined in my heart until it ceases to beat.

I have the honor to be, Dear Sir,

with sentiments of the highest esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

L. L. ALLEN.

To the Rev. L. L. ALLEN:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 8th, 1847.

*Dear Sir:*—I have received your kind and complimentary letter, and for the friendly feelings expressed in it, I return my thanks. But I cannot feel that any act of mine, however kindly intended, has been of sufficient importance to merit any acknowledged return of gratitude.

I have discharged but a common duty of kindness and civility, that deserves no praise, and is richly rewarded in the good intent; and I assure you that it will always be a source of sincere pleasure to me, when by any act of mine, I can render you an acceptable service.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your friend and obedient servant,

J. D. LEARNED.

TO

MAJOR GENERAL WINDFIELD SCOTT

THE HERO OF

LUNDY'S LANE, CHIPPEWA, VERA CRUZ,  
CONTRERAS, CHERUBUSCO, AND THE  
CITY OF MEXICO.

WHO BY HIS MILITARY SKILL, TRIED VALOR, AS WELL AS HIS UN-  
SURPASSED BRAVERY, CHIVALRY AND PATRIOTISM THROUGH-  
THE MOST BRILLIANT CAREER HAS WON FOR HIMSELF  
AND HIS COUNTRY IMMORTAL HONORS  
AND UNFADING LAURELS.

AND TO

MAJOR GENERAL Z. TAYLOR,

WHOSE PATRIOTISM AND DEVOTION TO HIS COUNTRY, IS BLEN-  
DED WITH THE CHIVALROUS GALANTRY OF THE  
SOLDIER AND WHOSE BRILLIANT  
ACHIEVEMENTS AT

FORT HARRISON, THE FLORIDA WAR, AT  
APLO ALTO, RESACCA DE LA PALMO  
MONTEREY AND BUENA VISTA

IS THE THEME OF EVERY TONGUE ;

And for whose great kindness and urbanity to me, personally,  
these pages are respectfully dedicated, by the

AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

It may seem presumptuous in so humble an individual, to appear before the public, as an author. But having been honored with the appointment of Chaplain to our patriotic volunteers upon the Rio Grande, and having received from them many and repeated acts of kindness and courtesy, especially from the officers and soldiers of our own chivalrous St. Louis Legion, I was induced, upon my return, to publish a few *pencillings* of the events of the campaign. I have since been induced to continue them, and kindly requested to have them published in pamphlet form. I have, at length, consented to send them forth to my friends, and a generous public—hoping they may meet with kindness, and prepare the way for a more considerate and voluminous work hereafter.

Very respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

---

## P R E F A C E

TO THE

*Second Edition, Enlarged and Improved.*

The kind manner which the first edition of my little work has met with—and ready sale—has induced me to publish a second edition, enlarged and improved. I have added a number of scenes of a thrilling and interesting character, rendering the work doubly as large as the first edition; and should it meet with the same favorable reception as the former edition, from my numerous kind friends, and a generous community, I shall be encouraged to publish a larger edition still, hereafter.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.



## CHAPTER I.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, New Orleans,  
May 6th, 1846.

Sir:—The Rev. Mr. Allen has tendered his services as a volunteer Chaplain to the expedition now fitting out and under the requisition of General Taylor. I have informed myself of the qualifications and moral worth of Mr. Allen and appreciate very highly the motives which actuated him in his pious and patriotic offer. I would, therefore, recommend the acceptance of his services, believing as I do, that the success of our arms, and the perpetuity of our Republican Institutions depend very much upon a proper observance of the rights of Christian worship at all times, and under all circumstances. I think—indeed I have no doubt, that religious worship in the army, at stated periods, would not only have the tendency to promote morality and discipline, but to inspire the officer and soldier with correct and more elevated views of patriotism. I would also advise that Mr. Allen be placed upon a more substantial footing, if practicable, than that of a mere volunteer, without remuneration.

ISAAC JOHNSON.

To Brig. Gen. P. F. SMITH.

---

The Rev. L. L. Allen will be mustered and respected as a Chaplain in the Brigade of Louisiana Volunteers, under the command of Brigadier General Persifer F. Smith.

(Signed) EDMUND P. GAINES,  
Major Gen. U. S. A. Commanding.

---

CHAPLAIN OF THE LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.—We have received the following communication from the Rev. L. L. Allen, Chaplain of the Louisiana Volunteers:

U. S. BARRACKS, BELOW N. O., La.  
Sabbath, May 24th, 1846.

MESSEURS. EDITORS—*Gentlemen*: Will you be so obliging as

to permit me through the columns of your interesting paper to say a few words in behalf of my fellow soldiers. I have spent this day in visiting, conversing, and addressing myself to the different corps quartered here for the time being, and it gives me great pleasure to say that I have been treated with the utmost kindness and respect both by the respective officers and men. I cannot speak in terms of too high commendation of the solicitude which his Excellency the Governor, Generals Gaines and Smith, together with the officers in general, which I had the honor to converse with, constantly evince in administering to the comfort of the soldier. The agent of the American Bible Society of this city has been very efficient in furnishing the Chaplains with Testaments, tracts, &c., for gratuitous distribution among the troops upon the Rio Grande. My intention is to leave in a few days for the seat of war, and any contributions in bibles, tracts, &c., suitable for distribution, if left at the Commercial Exchange, or with the agent of the American Bible Society, will be greatly received and faithfully distributed. And rest assured as soon as the star spangled banner shall waive over the ramparts of Metamoras, there are men ready promptly to unroll the banner of the cross by its side. And should circumstances render it necessary for the United States to dictate terms of peace to Mexico in the halls of Montezumas, there will be warm and dauntless hearts to invoke the blessings of Heaven upon their acts.

I have the honor to be, yours, &c.,  
Very respectfully,

L. L. ALLEN,

Chaplain to the Louisiana Volunteers.

---

SOULE-CHAPEL, New Orleans, June 1, 1846.

REV. L. L. ALLEN—*Dear Sir:* Learning that upon Gen. Taylor's requisition for Volunteers to defend our common country, that you had been actuated by those pious and patriotic motives which we are justly proud of in any man, whether as a Citizen, or Soldier, Statesman or Minister—and had offered your services as a volunteer Chaplain to our chivalrous and patriotic Louisianaans, and that his Excellency the Governor had as promptly recommended, and General Gaines approved the ap-

pointment, although reluctant to part with you as our pastor, yet holding as we do a love of country to be a holy and sublime principle which should pervade every heart; and appreciating the motives which have prompted this act, we request you to do us the honor to accept, as a slight expression of our regard for you and our country, this Banner, wrought with our own hands, with the mottoes which we have taken the liberty of selecting—**Our Country—Our Aitars—Fight the Good Fight: Presented to L. L. Allen, Chaplain to the Louisiana Volunteers—by the Ladies of Soule-Chapel, New Orleans.** And as you proceed to the battle plains and the tented field, when the star-spangled binner shall be unfurled o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave, may you have the pleasure of unfurling this banner as an emblem of your holy and sublime calling; and when the clang of war has died away in the distance, and men shall learn war no more, and the soldier shall beat his sword into a ploughshare and his spear into a pruning-hook—may you be returned with health and honor, bearing the olive branch, and crowned with laurels to your field of labor, having had the happiness of serving your country faithfully in an hour of peril and need. Accept, Dear Sir, our best wishes for your welfare, and allow us to subscribe ourselves your sincere friends.

With sentiments of the highest and most profound esteem,  
very respectfully,

Elenor Jay, Mary Kingsbury, Mary A. Johnson, Martha Haygood, Sarah Kellogg, Julia Garrison, Committee.

To the Rev. L. L. Allen, Chaplain Louisiana Volunteers.

NEW ORLEANS, June 1st. 1846.

*To the Ladies of Soule-Chapel:* Language is too meagre to convey to you the profound gratitude of my heart, for this expression of your kindness towards me, in the presentation of this beautiful Banner, wrought with your own hands, and the very appropriate motto of your own selection. In volunteering my feeble services as a Chaplain to our patriotic and chivalrous Louisianians, in an hour when every man was called upon to go to the defence of his country; when our own brave and noble soldiers were in imminent peril, being surrounded by an overwhelming hostile foe, I did no more than my duty, and the pleasure arising from doing my duty infinitely repays me for any toil

which I may be called to indure in the camp among my fellow soldiers. But not to be sensibly alive to the honor conferred upon me by the presentation of this banner, I would be wanting in the finer feelings which belong to intelligent beings. Be assured that I shall go out to the tented field and battle plains with an ambition not to disappoint your confidence, but to demean myself as a Christian soldier and a faithful minister of the cross and have the honor of unfurling this Banner by the side of the flag of my country, wherever the fortunes of war and the Providence of God may call, and should I fall while in the discharge of my duty, I beg to be buried with this beautiful Banner wrapped around me as my winding sheet, and humbly asking to be remembered in your orisons, and embalmed in your memories and enshrined in your affections. But if in the providence of God I should be spared to return to my future field of labor, and again greeted by my kind friends, I hope to come back a purer patriot and a more devoted Christian. Be pleased to accept assurance of my sincere regard and most profound esteem.

Most respectfully, L. L. ALLEN.

To Elenor Jay, Mary Kingsbury, Mary A. Johnson, Martha Haygood, Julia Garrison, Sarah Kellogg, Committee.

---

MATAMOROS, June 4th, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Believing that the Press is the great "palladium" by which light and knowledge is diffused, and knowing you to be deeply interested in all that pertains to the elevation of mind, and the happiness of man, permit me to advert to the introduction of Protestantism in the valley of the Rio Grande. which must be of the deepest interest to all the admirers and followers of the Protestant Church. The first services were held on Brazos St. Jago, by invitation from Col. Featherstone. The Rev. L. L. Allen, from New Orleans, (M. E. C. S.) Chaplain of the Louisiana Brigade, preached from these soul stirring words: "fight the good fight," 1 Tim. 6, 12. The same evening the Rev. Mr. Cleghorn, from Alabama, (M. E. C. S.) addressed the soldiers, from H. Cor 5th and 20th, assisted by Rev. Mr. Presley, (M. P. C.) Divine service was held by invitation from a number of the officers of the respective regiments quartered near Burita. Capt. Stewart, better known as the "fighting preacher," held divine service near Matamoros, and, we are informed, preached a most eloquent

impressive, and patriotic sermon. Services have been held at stated periods, by the various Chaplains, Messrs. Powell, Crenshaw, Allen, and Cleghorn, of M. E. C. S., and Presley, of M. P. C.

On last Sunday, the proprietors of the American Hotel, kindly proffered the use of their hall for divine worship, and their kind offer was promptly accepted. At three o'clock, P. M., a most respectable congregation met; the stand occupied by the Rev. W. C. P. Cleghorn, of the Alabama volunteers, who thus had the honor of preaching the first Protestant sermon in the city of Matamoros; the subject was one which fitly applied to all denominations, viz: the intercession of Christ, from these words, John 14, 16: "And I will pray the Father in the evening, at candle-light." Rev. L. L. Allen preached from the following words: "Wherefore, Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate," &c., Heb. 12, 13. The subject was well handled, and during both services the most respectful and solemn attention prevailed. It was indeed a heart cheering sight to the friends of Christianity, amid the "din of arms, and surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," to see such respect paid to the religion of the Cross; and that the Americans of the present day, like their "puritan fathers," carry their religion and literature with them.

On the last evening, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Allen again, who preached to a very respectable congregation. It is highly gratifying to see the American nation so zealous, not only in their country's cause," but in laying the foundation of civil and religious liberty in oppressed Mexico; and, we trust, that the time will soon come, when the valley of the Rio Grande will be peopled with those who obey the second commandment in the letter and spirit.

AN OBSERVER.

---

MATAMOROS, June 26th, 1846.

*Dear Sir:* On my arrival at the Brazos St. Jago, I commenced my duties by visiting the soldiers connected with the Louisiana, Louisville, St. Louis and Alabama regiments. It gives me much pleasure to say, that I was received with the utmost kindness by all, both officers and men, and the books



tracts, &c., were received with eagerness, and read with much interest. I have visited since that period Burita, a small Mexican town, eight miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande; Lor-neto, six miles above; Colonels Dakin's Peyton's, Davis' Marks' and Walton's regiments, they being quartered upon each side of the river, from the mouth to this point.

Last Sabbath I spent with the Rev. Mr. Powell. After I had attended divine service, Mr. Powell and myself took our seats in a marquee, where we were visited by a large number of men, anxiously inquiring for books, &c., to read. To-day is the Sabbath; but it being excessively rainy, I am prohibited from attending service.

The Rev. Mr. Crenshaw has distributed judiciously all the books consigned to his care; and those committed to my care have all been given out to persons who have read them with much care, and the deepest interest, and, I doubt not, that we could dispose of \$500 worth, if we had them, for gratuitous distribution. It is certainly very gratifying to the friends of Christianity, to learn that our General-in-Chief, and Gen. Smith, together with other officers, both in the regular and volunteer army, are very favorable to religion, and some of them decidedly pious. It was certainly the part of wisdom to appoint Chaplains to accompany the volunteers in this expedition; and it reflects great credit on Gov. Johnson and Gen. Gaines; for, most assuredly, if there is any place where the practical exhibition of the beauty and excellency of our holy religion is needed, it is in the army.

I am taking all possible pains to get into the good graces and affections of these oppressed people, in order to do them good. In my intercourse with them, when they have ascertained my calling, they have exhibited the greatest deference, and with the most profound reverence, saluted me by kissing the back of my hand, exclaiming, *el Padre Americano del troop*—the priest of the troop; and then voluntarily telling me that their religion was costly—that the priests exacted large sums of money. When I told them that the American-padres, or priests, did not exact any thing more than their people thought proper to pay them, they seemed very much surprised, and expressed a great desire for the Americans to settle among them, and erect American churches and seminaries of learning. It has struck me very forcibly, that this is the way that the Lord designs to have all this priest-ridden, ignorant and unhappy country evangelized; and it becomes us, as patriots and christians, to exert ourselves to follow the leadings and openings of a wise Providence, for,

most assuredly this country will not only be revolutionized, but christianized.

Will you be so obliging as to publish this in the Protestant, and send me some copies, and also a lot of books, &c., and greatly oblige yours, &c.

Very respectfully,

L. L. ALLEN,  
*Chaplain Louisiana Volunteers.*

---

MATAMOROS, June 27th, 1846.

MR. EDITOR: Will you permit me to say a few words in behalf of my fellow soldiers, especially those whom I have the honor to be connected with, have visited all the regiments, both of Louisiana, St. Louis, Louisville and Alabama. I am very proud to say, that as a whole, from the General to the private, they are as chivalrous and patriotic men as ever drew a sword or shouldered a musket. Men of the finest intellect, scientific and literary attainments. Clergymen and members connected with the various churches, lawyers, doctors, planters, mechanics, &c., who are an ornament to their professions, and an honor to their calling at home or abroad. Men possessed of the loftiest feeling, and pure motives. Men who have made great sacrifices, and left lucrative employments, broken the silken ties and endearments at home, and all the honored recollections that cluster around the mind actuated by the most sublime and holy principle which can possibly occupy the heart of man. And you will permit me to say respectfully, that it is not the design of the volunteers with respective Chaplains who have the honor to accompany them, to intrude themselves or their views, either of a political or religious character, but they feel ambitious to demean themselves in such a way as to secure the approbation of their country, and the smiles of heaven, so that after we have laid aside the sword, and returned to our respective homes and employments, we may have the proud satisfaction of having done our duty, and when we shall pass away from the busy drama of life, we may meet in a more congenial clime.

Respectfully,

L. L. ALLEN,  
*Chaplain Louisiana Volunteers.*



## CAMP OPPOSITE MATAMOROS,

July 5th, 1846.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday being the glorious Fourth, our Louisiana volunteers were disposed to have a national celebration upon the banks of the Rio Grande. In the morning the Louisiana Brigade marched to General Smith's quarters, where were assembled his staff, Chaplains Allen, Powell, and Crenshaw, General Taylor, and other distinguished men. The exercises were opened with prayer by Chaplain Crenshaw, when the Declaration was read by Captain Nichols, after which Major Ogden delivered an eloquent and soul inspiring oration, which was listened to with admiration and delight; the Brigade then passed in review before General Taylor. At two o'clock we sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Captain Head's company. There being about thirty printers composing the corps, and the printers you know are always ready to take the lead in every noble enterprise. There were a number of other fine dinners served up, but as I had no time to visit them, I can only speak of the one I had the honor to be an invited guest. At the hour announced, Captain Head, by request, took the *head* of the table as President, and the Rev. L. L. Allen as Chaplain of the day, upon the right General Desha of the Alabama volunteers, and upon the left accompanied by a part of General Smith's Brigade, Captains Kean, Stewart and others, and also upon the right Lieutenant Hart, Quarter-Master Phillips, and others; the table was well filled, and the manner in which the boys of the types got up the *dinner*, reflects credit on their heads and hearts. The exercises were opened by the Chaplain in an eloquent and impressive prayer, after which the Declaration was read by Sargeant Harby, a member of the company; then, as a matter of course, we all fell to work relieving the table of its weight of luxuries and viands; then followed the answers to the invitations from those who had not been able to comply with the invitations.

Generals Lamar and Burleson, and the Hon. H. L. Kinney, of Texas, G. W. Kendall, Esq., of the New Orleans Picayune, who sent the following characteristic toast, which was received with great applause: "The Universal Yankee Nation, all the way from Maine to Texas, go to the farthest parts of all creation, and you will find some of the stock making a raft to go ahead." General Taylor had only time to call and drink the health of the company and pass on to others, as did Colonel Marks and several other officers. It would afford me much pleasure to give all the toasts, but time and space will not per-

mit. The following was received with enthusiasm: "The Louisiana Volunteers, among the first to enter, may they be the last to quit the field." The Rev Mr. Allen's health being drank standing, he responded in a few appropriate remarks, and closed by offering the following patriotic sentiment, which was received with unanimous and enthusiastic applause: "*The American soldier, at home or abroad, his motto, my country, my whole country, and nothing but my country.*" But I must close this festive scene upon the banks of the Rio Grande, in sight of the city of Matamoros, in the midst of thousands of veteran soldiers, both in the regular and volunteer army, will continue green in their memory, and in after years when the din and commotion of the camp has passed away, the recollection of a national celebration on the western frontiers of the land of the Lone Star, will be hallowed in the breast and heart of

### A GUEST AND VOLUNTEER.

---

[Letter from the Chaplain of the Louisiana Volunteers]

---

### CHAPTER III.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }  
June 27th, 1846. }

*To the Editors of the Picayune:*

GENTLEMEN:—As you have done me the honor to publish some of my communications through the columns of your valuable and interesting paper, will you have the kindness to present to your readers some facts which have fallen under my personal observation. It is but justice to my fellow soldiers, from the highest to the lowest, to say, that this communication is entirely unsolicited, and voluntary upon my part. Since my arrival among the respective regiments from the Brazos, Santiago, *via* Burita and Lorreto, to this point, I have been honored with an intercourse with them, as also with the regular army, and have been treated with universal kindness and respect; and should the time ever arrive to prove the bravery of these men, there

will be the same promptness manifested in achieving conquests, and winning laurels, as there has been in volunteering their services in an hour of peril, when our country demanded their services. It cannot be expected, among such a heterogeneous mass, representing every State in the Union, and from different parts of the transatlantic world, that entire unanimity will exist. So long as human nature is surrounded by infirmities, we must expect some little misunderstandings; and a volunteer army is not an exception to these remarks. In my intercourse with the respective regiments, commanded by Cols. Walton, Marks, Davis, Dakin, Peyton, and Featherstone, of the Louisiana Volunteers; together with the St. Louis Legion, commanded by Col. Easton; the Louisville, by Col. Armstead, and the Alabama Battalion, by Col. Rugford. I have observed a manifest desire of these gentlemen to consult the happiness of the soldiers; indeed, I am prepared to say, that it has amounted to a painful anxiety, and the officers have not exacted from their men what they are not willing to endure themselves. I presume it never was the expectation of Gen. Taylor, in making his requisition, that men, leaving almost every occupation at a moment's warning, should be as well versed in military sciences and tactics, with all the minutiae of war, as men who had spent much time in drilling, manœuvring, &c.; but be assured, that should the hour arrive to give a demonstration of their prowess, the officers will evince skill enough to march their men to the mouth of the thundering cannon, and upon a rampart of bristling bayonets, bringing back the revolutionary scenes. The spirit of '76 is still alive—Bunker Hill, Lexington, Monmouth, Lundy's Lane, Tippecanoe, and New Orleans, come looming upon the mind, and the spirits of the immortal Washington, Warren, Montgomery, Lafayette, and Kosciuszko, come up in visions, inspiring the soldier with the same holy and sublime principle which actuated their sires. Gen. Smith is as solicitous about the welfare of his fellow soldiers, as ever Washington was, and is universally respected and beloved by his men, and the most implicit confidence is placed in his valor and patriotism. Gen. Taylor, also, is ready to act the scenes of the Palo Alto over again, when necessary, and our brave heroes of the "lone star," are here, with their swords buckled on, as eager for the combat as at the battle of San Jacinto. Gov. Henderson, Gens. Lamar, Burleson, and Johnson are in the field, with Cook, their Adjutant General—Dr. Smith, Surgeon General—and Senator Kinney.

With such men, what need we fear? Louisiana has, indeed, made an admirable demonstration—but I will not make invidious

remarks ; every State in the Union is desirous to give a practical demonstration of its patriotism. It gives me much pleasure to say, that there is a very general desire to attend divine service among the troops. I have extended my remarks to a much greater length than I intended ; but I trust they are not wholly without interest, especially to our friends that we have left behind, who feel such a deep anxiety for us, and are looking with the most intense interest for anything, whatever, from those who are dear to them. We hope, after having faithfully served our country—our whole country—and nothing but our country—to return to our friendly firesides, and be greeted again by kind friends, and enjoy again the pleasures and blessings of domestic happiness, and also have the proud satisfaction of having done our duty, as faithful soldiers and true patriots.

I have the honor to be, yours, &c., very respectfully,

L. L. ALLEN, *Chaplain La. Volunteers.*

---

[From Matamoros.]

---

## CHAPTER IV.

[The St. Louis Legion are on their return, and may be expected here in two weeks.

The following communication from the Rev. Mr. ALLEN, Chaplain to the Legion, who arrived here last evening on the White Cloud, direct from the army, will be read with interest. We sincerely hope, our obliging correspondent will continue to enliven our columns with further sketches of the Mexican campaign. He will always find a corner for the exercise of his pen, upon a subject that has, and will continue to excite a lively interest in this community. We think we see important events shadowing forth from this war, that may produce results and revolutions in interests and opinions, that are but little dreamed of now :—*St. Louis American.*]

ST. LOUIS, August 11, 1846.

*Mr. Editor* :—Believing it would be interesting to the community to hear any items of news from the Army of Occupation upon the Rio Grande, especially to those who have relatives and friends there, I am induced to ask the use of your valuable paper for that purpose.

I left the city of Matamoros two weeks ago last Sabbath, and Brazos St. Jago the following Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the steamer New York, in company of a number of the officers of the Louisiana Volunteers, (who have been disbanded, as you are apprised,) touched at Galveston, and arrived at New Orleans on Saturday, at one o'clock, P. M., and arrived here, per steamer White Cloud, last evening, glad enough to get home, not having found, in my short military excursion to the sunny south, any spot, take it all in all, like the Empress City, and certainly no city improving as fast. With others of my countrymen, I went out to Mexico as a volunteer, holding the appointment of Chaplain to the volunteers, at the call of our illustrious chieftain, General Taylor; promptly repairing to the scene of war, at a moment's warning, without distinction of, or regard to party—all actuated by a holy and sublime principle, PATRIOTISM—and am proud to say, that there are men among the St. Louis, Louisiana, and Alabama volunteers, whom any state or nation may look upon with admiration:—men, from the different callings and professions of life, who are an honor to their country, and an ornament to their profession, who have made great sacrifices in obeying their country's call; but we are disbanded by our government, and perhaps it does not become us to inquire the reason. At least, I will leave that question to be settled by our politicians and statesmen, at the same time respectfully adding, from personal observation, that our gallant and chivalrous volunteers are disappointed, for there was an ardent desire, upon the part of both officers and soldiers, to distinguish themselves; and after paying merited respect to all, I shall be pardoned in exhibiting some partiality to our own St. Louis Legion.

St. Louis and Missouri have no reason to blush at the representation on the Rio Grande, for a better uniformed, drilled and gentlemanly Legion was not found in the Army of Occupation. Colonels Easton and Kennett, Drs. Johnson and Stevens, Captains Salisbury, Coleman, Watson, and McKellops, Lieutenants Moore, Miller, and Degan have brought me under peculiar obligations for their repeated acts of courtesy and kindness, while suffering under severe afflictions incident to that climate. St. Louis has made a noble demonstration of her patriotism in send-



ing her Legion to Mexico ; and though the men are obliged to return without having gratified their fond aspirations, and their brows bedecked with laurels from the battle fields, yet, they have done their duty, and I am quite sure that I hazard nothing in bespeaking for them a warm and cordial reception on their return, by their friends.

General Taylor, on the morning of our departure, met us, and did us the honor to say, that he was very much gratified to see such a promptness on the part of the different States to meet his requisition, at the same time deeply regretting the necessity of disbanding us, but that he had no discretion in the matter. America has reason to be proud of such a chieftain, and such an army under his command. There are strong evidences in my mind, from historical accounts, practical demonstration and personal observation, to believe that there are elements at work which will cause not only a revolution, but an entire change in the vast, fertile, and beautiful valley of the Rio Grande, Santa Fé, California, and the states contiguous, for the better. In my intercourse with many of the Mexicans, there was a manifest desire, voluntarily made upon their part, that the country should become Americanized ; they felt oppressed by their military chieftains, and many expressed a wish to see American institutions planted among them, churches and academies established. It has struck me very forcibly, judging of the future by the past, that the period is not very distant, when this country will either make an effort to erect itself into a separate republic, or else ask to be received under the protection of the United States. And will the go-ahead, enterprising Anglo-Saxon rest until the stars and stripes wave, not only over the ruins of the halls of the Montezumas, but over every portion of North America ?

General Taylor is concentrating all his troops at Camargo.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

L. L. ALLEN,

*Late Chaplain to the Louisiana Volunteers.*

## CHAPTER V.

*Dear General :—*As you have done me the honor to request a continuance of items from the Rio Grande, I will avail myself of

this courtesy, by occasionally submitting a few sketches of the valley of the Del Norte, of such facts and circumstances as have fallen under my personal observation, hoping that they may not be wholly without interest to the readers of the *St. Louis American*, especially as the attention of the *statesman* and *philanthropist* are invited to that quarter. It cannot fail to arrest the attention of every inquiring mind, that there are certain causes at work, in certain places, which cannot fail, sooner or later, to produce certain effects. We cannot suppose, for a single moment, that a government like that of the United States, wielding such an immense influence—making such herculean strides in improvements, and destined to become one of the most powerful nations upon the globe—having a *National Congress* composed of illustrious Senators and Representatives, could manifest such intense interest in regard to Mexico, unless it had in view, by looking down through the dim vista of the future, events which will elicit the interest of different nations. Such an august body as the American Congress, certainly would not move an appropriation of \$10,000,000, and the enlisting of 50,000 volunteers, to repair to the Rio Bravo, merely as a momentary, enthusiastic past time. Oh, no! there are more important consequences involved. Ever since the American Colonies were first planted by the Puritans, at Plymouth, we have been a progressive nation. Not only has the far and mighty west attracted the attention of the enterprising citizen, ever restless adventurer, and hardy pioneer, but the balmy south, and great south-west, has claimed the attention of thousands of active and investigating minds, and the truth cannot be disguised, that there is a determination on the part of many to continue the enterprise, until the whole of Mexico shall undergo an entire change.

In an interview with an intelligent Mexican, a citizen of Matamoros, he stated very frankly, that the Americans would not be satisfied with the conquest of Texas. No sooner had they achieved that object, than the troops were marched across the Rio Grande, into Mexico; and now, said he, the next object to be accomplished, will be either to erect a new Republic, or come under the protection of the United States. But, he continued, you will not be contented then, you must have your star-spangled banner waving over the ramparts of the Capitola, (or capitol of Mexico,)—and then you must have Oregon, California, Yucatan, Cuba and Canada. And, said he, it is better that the Americans should have jurisdiction over them, for they would greatly ameliorate the condition of man.

As to the justness of his remarks, and propriety of his reason-



ing, I leave my readers to judge. There are a thousand and one opinions entertained and expressed as to the intentions of our government. As to future practical demonstrations of our troops upon Mexico, so far as I was enabled to learn from personal observation, and intercourse with General Taylor and the respective officers under his command, his instructions were to obtain sufficient transports to convey troops, ammunition and provisions to Camargo, a small town on the Rio Grande, about two hundred miles by water, from its mouth, and one hundred and twenty from Monterey, a town which once contained twelve thousand people, but now probably reduced to five thousand, and possibly to three thousand ; but a strongly fortified place, being upon an elevated point, overlooking the surrounding country, and with but one entrance. If the Mexican forces should concentrate at that point, it could not be taken by the Americans without a hard-fought battle, and much blood shed upon both sides. After leaving detachments of men to protect the respective posts of Matamoros, Fort Polk, Camp May, Brazos St. Jago, Fort Brown, the mouth of the Rio Grande, and Burita, the commander-in-chief of the Army of Occupation, or Invasion, will use his discretion in concentrating an army of probably 15 or 20,000 troops, or perhaps more, at Camargo, and then be governed by circumstances, as to future operations.

One thing may be relied upon. General Taylor will not be superseded by General Scott, or any other officer, so long as he continues to manifest the prudence which has so far characterized him. It certainly occurs to me, that if our government intends to prosecute the war with Mexico, although it may be comparatively an insignificant nation, it is highly necessary that a sufficient number of well disciplined troops should be concentrated, and sufficient ammunition and provisions furnished. The prevailing opinion is, that one of two results will take place—either terms of peace will be proffered, indemnity made by Mexico to defray the expenses of the war, which certainly is accumulating to a most alarming extent, (if it be half a million per diem,) and California and Santa Fé be the price of the war, as it would be utterly impossible for them to raise the money. Or, on the other hand, if Parades should succeed in raising a large number of troops, and command them in person, there will be a yet harder fought battle than Texas has ever witnessed, although the battle of San Jacinto was a brilliant victory, and gave signal success to the American arms ; and the victories of Palo Alto, and Resacca de la Palma, added lustre to our arms—honor to our country—and renown to our officers and soldiers ; and though it has caused the

nation to weep over the loss of some of her bravest men, and purest patriots, yet, most assuredly, if another battle ensues, (which, if at all, must be late in the fall or winter,) it will be a tremendously hard fought one ; for, although there may be a want of bravery on the part of some of the soldiers of Mexico, yet there are others who will fight like a lioness in defence of her whelps, or like men knowing that it is a case of life or death ; and no man can tell what the fortunes of war may be, and what the future may unfold. In my next I will say something about the army.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

In my last, your readers were promised a few thoughts relative to the Army of Occupation upon the Rio Grande. The regular army is composed of some of the best men that ever unsheathed a sword, or shouldered a musket—men of long experience and tried valor—men who have grown grey in the service of their country, such as Taylor, Worth, Twiggs, McIntosh, Munro, Whiting, and others, their compatriots, who are an honor to our country, and an ornament to their profession. Many of the army officers, if not all of them, that compose General Taylor's regular army, as you are aware, received their military education, and graduated with honor from West Point Academy. Hence, from choice, arms has become their profession ; and the men who enlist in the regular service, and who have served from three to thirty years, and in many instances a life time, become, as a matter of course, more inured to fatigue, and can endure much more hardship than those who merely take up arms upon a sudden emergency ; and both officers and men find it highly necessary to cultivate that very important qualification in a soldier—patience. And, in reading the history of nations, we find that their soldiers have undergone hardships, which to us appear almost incredible. Carthage, Rome, Greece, Persia, Sparta, Europe, and America, have given the most striking instances of the assertion, and it must necessarily be so. He who looks for rich feasts, and downy beds in the camp of a soldier, will miss it most egregiously. Take away the privations and the sufferings of the patriot of the Revolution, and the glory and honor departs. His privations are identified with his honors. Hence, when a man

enlists, he makes up his mind patiently to submit to all that pertains to his profession. And in the army, there must positively be the officer, and the soldier—there must be discipline. Every order that is issued, from the highest in command, down to the Fourth Corporal, must be positively and promptly obeyed and executed, in order to secure respect, and ensure success. An army, composed of volunteers, made of men of all sorts, and forming a heterogeneous mass of beings, representing every State in the Union, and many parts of the Old World, thrown hastily together at a moment's warning—representing, also, the various professions and callings in life—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, merchants, mechanics, planters, artists, artisans, financiers, &c., all having their peculiar notions of matters and things in general and particular; and they are, generally, that portion of our countrymen who are active, enterprising, and energetic. Hence, they are anxious, as soon as mustered into service, to march to the scene of action; and, if restrained, they become impatient and restless. Many of them are quite young and inexperienced, never having been away from the counsels of a kind father, or an affectionate mother. Hence, when they arrive at the seat of war, they find that there is a vast difference between an independent volunteer corps, or legion, marching through the streets of a populous city, or country, merely for pleasure, or encamping for a day or two in a cool, pleasant grove, beneath its foliage, or, in being greeted with the applause of the admiring populace, with banners streaming in the breeze, nodding plumes, gleaming swords, and bristling bayonets, and the soft, mellow strains of the band, or the more thrilling and stirring tones of the drum and fife, than in taking their position in the army, among the old weather-beaten veterans. The beautiful visions which have loomed upon the imagination pass away—the stern reality stares them in the face—the novelty ceases to charm. In a few days every thing becomes monotonous, and the very scenes and circumstances which possessed a charm, become irksome—the mind sighs for something new. In camp it is one dull round of duty, day after day. In the morning the *reveille* beats, then breakfast—but of that I must not speak. My powers of description are not sufficiently graphic, to give the reader a just idea of a soldier's breakfast. Among the volunteers upon the Rio Grande, a large dish is generally placed upon the ground, either in front of, or in the tent, containing good old salt seven by nine pork—and once we had fresh meat; then comes a large camp kettle, containing coffee of the most superior quality, of course; then is brought on a tin plate of hard biscuit; each man takes his tin cup, with his

iron spoon, and dips in ; and then with his fingers, if he has no knife and fork, helps himself to a slice of meat and bread. Seating themselves in a circle, they commence operations, and as the work of mastication goes on, the mind is engaged also. The ready wit and laughing joke are heard, and for a while they forget that they ever had any other home—and any one would think, from their appearance, that they had been born and bred in a camp. As to their appearance, why sometimes it is grotesque enough. Men who, at home, are paragons of neatness and gentility, have become so metamorphosed, that you would scarcely recognize them. They have become sun-burnt, and have not shaved since they have been there ; and, as to washing and changing of clothes—why, it makes me smile to see one who has always been in the habit of going to his drawer, and helping himself—now, with his sleeves rolled up, going down either to a pond, lagoon, or river, with his camp kettle, soap, &c., in one hand, and in the other his clothes ; wading into the water, he commences operations by rubbing on the soap, and rubbing, splurging, and wringing until he has brought them to a tolerable perfection—he hangs them up, or sprawls them out to dry. And don't they iron them ? Oh, don't mention that ! They are glad to get them without ; and this, gentle reader, is no fancy sketch—it is stern reality. But I must close this for the present.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

DEAR GENERAL :—Many of your readers have probably heard of a *woman* connected with the regular army, the wife of an orderly sergeant, if my memory serves me. She is familiarly known upon the Rio Grande, as the *Great Western*. Some may have supposed that this person only existed in fancy, but I have seen the *Great Western*, and conversed with her, while she was in Gen. Taylor's camp ; and also, learned her history from childhood, which may be relied upon as authentic. It appears that she is of respectable parentage, and respectable connection. In early life she married a soldier, as young ladies will do, when they take it into their heads. Her husband being necessarily called away from home, and deprived of the society of his family for a long period, and often upon the frontiers, in imminent pe-



ril, exposed to dangers, and doomed to undergo hardships, true to woman's nature, she determined to accompany him to camp; hence, she emphatically chose the profession of arms for her future calling. She is very highly respected by all who are acquainted with her, both officers and soldiers, and comfortably provided for, having her own quarters, pay, and rations, and very useful, being appointed Matron of the Hospital. She administers to the immediate wants of the sick, wounded and dying.— One reason why she is called the Great Western, is because of her height and size, being a remarkably large, well proportioned, strong woman, or strong nerves, and great physical power, capable of enduring great fatigue. Another reason is, because of natural and moral courage, being very intrepid, and reckless of danger, and, at the same time, possessed of all the finer qualities which characterizes her sex. When any of the troops are wounded, or sick, she manifests the greatest care and sympathy, in personally attending, at proper times, to all their wants—for woman never appears more lovely than when engaged in her respective sphere, and which is more particularly her province, in bending over the couch of the sick and dying; and how much easier a soldier can die, when her gentle form bends over him, trimming the midnight lamp, or contemplating its flickering rays as they fall upon his pale face, sunken eye, and emaciated form, wiping off the cold damp sweat of death—binding up his stricken heart—assuaging his grief—soothing his sorrows, and solacing his hopes! With how much more composure did the gallant and lamented Page resign his spirit into the hands of his God, when his dying head was pillowed upon the bosom of a tender and faithful wife, who, in her undying affection and faithfulness, watched the last ebblings of nature, closing his eyes, and sealing his lips forever, and watering his cheeks with her tears. Peace to thy memory! Tread lightly over the ashes of the dead! But I did not intend to indulge in this digression, but my kind and indulgent readers will appreciate the motive.

To return: When the army marched from Fort Jesup, in Louisiana, through Texas to Corpus Christi, and from thence to the Little Colorado, where there was great danger in crossing, she rendered great assistance; and, in one instance, saved the lives of a number of soldiers, who were crossing in a flatboat—which sunk while she and her children were in it. At the bombardment of Fort Brown, opposite Matamoros, she exhibited great courage, and the most cool, daring intrepidity. The cannon balls, bullets, and shot, those sure messengers of death, were falling thick and fast around her. She continued to administer to the

wants of the wounded and dying ; at last the siege became so hot, that a bullet passed through her bonnet, and another through her bread tray, while she was preparing some refreshments for the men. Her marquee being a little distance from the men, they were obliged to watch their opportunity to go for their meals.— Finally, they wished her to bring it to them ; but, in her own language to me, she became very much offended, and indignant at their conduct, in making such a demand. After she had run such great risks, and periled her life, to demand her to expose her life still more, in carrying food from her tent to them, was asking a little too much, and she begged to be excused, and upbraided them in very severe terms, for their want of courage.

On the 4th of July last, at a national festival, an officer proposed the following sentiment, which was received with enthusiastic applause :

“ *The Great Western*—One of the bravest and most patriotic soldiers at the siege of Fort Brown.”

When I left Matamoros, the *Great Western* was pulling up stakes, and preparing to push on to Camargo and Monterey. I think Congress ought to bestow upon her a vote of thanks, and an annuity for life. I cannot conceive any more impropriety in the *Great Western* accompanying her husband to war, and in giving her personal attention for the comfort of her fellow creatures, than it was for the eminent Greek and Polish females, in cutting off their hair to make wadding, and giving their jewellery to melt into balls ; or the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, to appropriate many of their garments for the use of the cannon, or in busying themselves in manufacturing garments for their fathers, husbands, and brothers. Any nation may be justly proud of such a phalanx of women. But I have extended my remarks much further than I intended, but trust they may not be entirely destitute of interest.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

DEAR GENERAL :—In my last, something was said in relation to the city of Matamoros. I shall, in this number, advert more particularly to the country upon the Rio Grande, beginning with the Brazos. St. Jago Island has nothing particularly interesting about it, only as it is connected with the American army.

It is rather an insignificant place, lying very low, and subject to entire inundation. There is a ridge of sand thrown up by the breakers, or waves of the sea, from fifteen to thirty feet high. There was once a flourishing village here, containing about 200 families; but a terrible storm arose one night, with tremendous thunders and gleaming lightning, and swept it away—all found a watery grave. Since that period few families have ventured to reside there, and they but temporarily. Since the United States have sent troops to that place, it has been assuming an important appearance. Many steamboats and vessels land, or anchor off the Island. The United States Quarter-master has made quite a little town again, by causing various buildings belonging to the department to be erected; and while I was in that country, the Brazos was alive with troops, most of them volunteers going and coming. A number of Legions, from different States, were quartered there, and presented quite a warlike appearance. The respective regiments performing their various evolutions and drills—the sound of music—the command of the officers—the moving of the baggage trains—cooking, and now and then, eating, drinking, laughing and joking, all combined to enliven the scenes, and keep off that most abominable disease, in common parlance called the *blues*, which is so apt to attack and sink the spirits of young volunteers. Before leaving the Island, I may as well give a brief description of the ever memorable battle of the sand hills. So long as memory holds its empire in its proud citadel, the rough hand of time will never erase the impressions stamped upon the scene which transpired upon that night. The St. Louis legion, together with the Louisville, and the 6th Regiment of the Louisiana volunteers, were encamped on a line with each other. A hot, sultry day had passed. A dewy night had wrapped her broad curtain around the Island. The lanterns were hung out from the stupendous dome of Heaven—the moon looked dimly down through the breaks of a dark cloud—while a few fleecy and scattering ones moved slowly and gradually along. The sentry had been placed at his post, to mark his lonely round, while the soldiers retired to their tents, and were wrapped in sweet forgetfulness—forgetting the toils of the day, and the turmoils of a camp. Suddenly the picket fired. This was the signal of alarm. The long roll was beat—that awful, mournful summons, so well understood by the soldier. In a moment every man was upon the grasp of his arms, mustering into his proper place. The officers were hurrying to and fro, giving their orders, and in less time than it has taken me to tell the story, every man was ready to do



his duty, or die for his country. It was reported that a large force of Mexicans had crossed the Rio Grand, at or near its mouth, a distance of eight or ten miles from us, and were marching to give us battle, kill, or take us all prisoners, and take possession of the Island. Our courage, of course, was wrought to the *sticking point*. Every man evinced a disposition to sell his life as dear as possible. Detachments were sent out along the beach to reconnoitre, carefully and report. Col. Eastern was cool and collected, Lieut. Col. Kennett displayed the same ardent desire to do his duty, and Dr Johnson found his soul inspired with a noble ambition to be in the front ranks, among his fellow-soldiers, and almost forgot his saws and pasters. Young Emmett and Chapali, of this city, who had been appointed orderlies to Col. Easton and Kennett, were seen marching deliberately along the lines, with their swords and pistols girded on, evincing a desire to have a part in the matter. Every thing being ready, the word of command was given. Every soldier could almost hear his heart beat; and, no doubt, some were thinking of dying a noble death, as martyrs for their country.

Well, as I said, we were ready, willing, anxious, and determined. When—how shall I describe it? Language is too meagre to give a proper idea of the awful scene which followed. The future historian must record the deeds of valor, and chivalry, and noble patriotism. Imagine our mortification and chagrin, when you learn that news came that there was not a *single foe to be seen upon the Island*. Our ardor, of course, sunk suddenly down to thirty degrees below zero, and we soon began to breathe easily again. It appears that Col. Bailie Peyton, commanding the 5th Regiment of Louisiana volunteers, and who was stationed at Burita, had heard a cannonading during the day, from some quarter, and he supposed that it came from the enemy, and consequently despatched a messenger with the intelligence, that we might be prepared to defend ourselves. Thus the matter ended, without smoke. Happily too, there was no lives lost, and the Surgeons and Chaplains had no duties in their lines to perform. Thus ended the battle of the sand-hills, which will be remembered by every member of the different Legions, with pride and pleasure. The boys of the St. Louis Legion will have frequent opportunity to sit down with their friends around the domestic fire-side, and beguile a tedious hour in recounting the thrilling scenes which occurred on the Brazos. But that which will stand out in bold relief, and peerless, will be the celebrated battle of the SAND-HILLS.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Dear General* :—It may be interesting to your readers to hear something definite of a city which, in the days of yore, and more recently, has become the theatre of many a thrilling scene, especially since the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. Matamoros once contained a population of 17,000, but now is reduced to about 7,000. Its palmy days have passed away. Since 1835, when Texas evinced a determination to dissolve its allegiance from Mexico, this ill-fated and doomed city has been falling into decay. The families of wealth and influence have been moving away and settling upon Ranchitos, or in other towns and cities. Its position is not very eligible. The entire country around it, for many leagues, lies very low, and is subject to inundation. It stands upon the banks, or partly so, of the Rio Grande, surrounded on all sides by vast plains, or prairies. As far as the eye can gaze, nothing is to be seen but the long grass waving in the breeze. Now and then, a chapparel of low, scrubby, thick underbush may be seen. In the city are found almost every variety of buildings. Some very respectable—but the majority, by far, are poor miserable huts. At the time of my visit there, I labored under disadvantages, from a peculiar prejudice against every American. However great the effort to divest the mind of it, yet it lingered with them. An unusual quantity of rain had fallen, and overflowed the country for a vast distance. On each side of the river, the Mexicans stated, that there had not so much rain fallen for many years, as since the Americans had come among them. The waters had come nearly up into the city, so that you had either to ride, or wade to get to the steamboats. On the river, the streets are narrow, and in many instances, exceedingly muddy. It is true there is a degree of order and regularity manifested. Some of the buildings are built upon the European style; most of them but one story high—and there are a great many mere hovels, miserable abodes, made of posts set in the ground, or cane—the floor, the naked earth—the roof covered with reeds, or grass—and the tenements, generally filled with men, women, children, and smooth skin dogs, which are very great favorites with the Mexican females. They are certainly a very sagacious people, if we may be allowed the term. The streets are generally laid out in squares, intersecting each other at right angles. The principal, or *great square*, is called the Plaza. There are two rows of the china trees running entirely across the Plaza, forming a beautiful bower, where, in times which have rolled away, the Siegnoras

and Seignoritas used to promenade when twilight had thrown its mantle around the earth, or when the moon had shed its mellow light upon it, and the stupendous of dome Heaven was lighted up with innumerable brilliant gems, and the soft and gentle zephyrs, fanning the foliage, was hailed with joy, after enduring a long day of almost suffocating heat. Here was heard the hearty laugh, interspersed with a pleasant joke. Frequently the young were enjoying themselves in the dance, while the band discoursed its sweet strains of music, and the Seignoras were enjoying themselves in smoking their cigaritos, or in playing cards. Upon the west side of the Plaza is the old guard house, a perfect furnace, and a most miserable filthy hole, where many of our Americans have been imprisoned—and if bars, bolts, and walls could speak, some sad tales would be told. I found a number of wretched beings, nearly in a state of nudity, pent up in different rooms, with only one place to receive the air, or the light of heaven, and two Americans were there. One had been there for fifteen months, in consequence of not bringing his passport. He was from the State of Maine. The other had been there for five months. On application being made to Gen. Taylor, he promptly released them. They had become very much amaciated, and their eyes were sunken, and had lost their lustre. The Americans, true to their character, and to their eternal honor be it spoken, immediately made up a contribution, clothed them, and gave them money to get home to their friends. On the south side there are stores, groceries, and gambling houses. On the north, the houses are generally very well constructed, and, in some instances, elegantly finished, and magnificently furnished with mahogany furniture. In some cases, you may find the piano and guitar. On the east side is situated the ruins of the old cathedral, an immense Catholic institution, commenced fifteen years ago, under the patronage and direction of the Priests. The contemplated cost was immense. Various estimates have been given, from \$50,000 to \$500,000. Its front is the Plaza, with one main entrance, which is through an immense iron door or gate, one folding in the other, secured with a huge lock and bars, supported upon very large and strong hinges. On either corner of the building there is a tower, or belfry, containing a number of bells, which are rang at sunrise, twelve o'clock, and at sun-down, and on funerals and other occasions. And certainly it was very solemn and oppressive to hear these bells pealing out their notes—the death-knell of departed worth. The grand entrance leads to a spacious hall, running through the entire length of the building. On either

side there are beautiful arches, supported by pillars—and in the north-east corner, a small chapel, the present place of worship. Opposite this is another small room, at present occupied by the officiating *Priest* or *Padre*. My judgment may deceive me, but I should think the building would accommodate about 3,000 persons, comfortably; but it is in an unfinished state, and it is at least problematical whether it ever will be completed. Its beautiful columns, and naked shafts, are falling a prey to the gnawing teeth of time, bereft of their grandeur and symmetry, and are mingling with the universal ruin around.

---

ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

RIO GRANDE—CAMP BROWN,  
July 4th, 1846.

To his Excellency,

WM. L. MARCY, ESQ.

Honored Sir: We take great pleasure in presenting and recommending to your notice, the bearer, the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, now Chaplain of the First Brigade of Louisiana volunteers, U. S. A.

In presenting the Rev. Gent to you, allow us to pay a tribute to his moral and intellectual worth, and also to his patriotism in leaving his charge at home and enrolling himself among the first of his country's defenders.

With sentiments of the deepest respect,

Your Obedient Servants.

GEO. C. COMSTOCK,

Captain Co. A.

H. C. FOUNTAIN,

Captain Co. G.

C. S. HUNT,

Captain Co. B.

H. D. JOHNSON,

1st. Lieut. Company G.

F. G. HENDERSON,

1st. Lieut. Company K.

CLARENCE de MONTREVILLE

1st. Lieut. Company C.

T. J. HUNT,

Lt. Col. A. G. Reg't La. Vol. 3d

Z. TAYLOR,

Brig. Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

ALF. R. EASTON,

Col. 1st. Reg. St. Louis Legion  
Mo. Volunteers.

FRED. KENNETT,

Lt. do. do.

GOLLER. SCHOONTHALEE,  
Maj. 1st. Rt. St. Louis Leg. Mo. Vol.


GEO. JOHNSON,

Surgeon. do. do.

R. H. STEVENS,

Asst. Surg. do. do.



 We the undersigned cordially approve of the within recommendations.

EDWARD BURLESON,  
WM. C. P. CLEGHORN,  
Capt. Ala. Volunteers.

M. B. LAMAR,  
JAS. CURTIS,  
Capt. Ala. Volunteers.

PHILIP H. RAIFORD,  
Lt. Col. 1st. Regt. Ala. Vol.

SM. H. PECK,  
Lt. Col. 6th Regt. La. Vol.

H. J. B. McKELLOPS,  
Capt. Com'y G. St. Louis Legion.

JAMES MOORE,  
1st Lt. Company G. do.

G. N. MILLER,  
2d Lt. of Company G. do.

S. O. TOLEMAN,  
Capt. Com. A. 1st Reg. St. Louis  
Legion Mo. Vol.

ALEXANDER KAYSER,  
1st Lt. E. do. do. do.

H. C. LONG,  
Q. M. A. A. C. 5, Louisville Le-  
gion, 1st Reg. Ky. Vol.

#### ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

ON THE RIO GRANDE—MATAMOROS,  
July 4th, 1846.

To his Excellency,

JAMES K. POLK, *President of the United States.*

Honored Sir : Enclosed I have the honor to transmit you a letter of recommendation to the Hon. Secretary of War, Wm. L. Marcy, Esq., in behalf of the Rev. L. L. Allen, Chaplain of the Louisiana Brigade Volunteers.


With the most profound sentiments of respects,

Your Excellency's obt. ser'vt.

CLARENCE MONTREVILLE,

In behalf Louisiana Brigade Volunteers.

#### CHAPTER X.

 When was woman outdone in deeds of patriotism and benevolence? The Ladies who have so nobly resolved to give a Supper at the Armory Hall, tendered them by the chivalrous Battalion, for the purpose of erecting a Church in the first Municipality, have, with their characteristic generosity, determined to appropriate one half of the proceeds to the purchasing of beautiful and appropriate Banners, to be presented to each of the Regiments called out by his Excellency, the Governor, by the requisition of Gen. Taylor, and under the command of Gen. Smith.

All arrangements will be made by a Committee of Ladies aided by the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, Chaplain, to the Brigade.

Success to these noble-hearted Ladies! Whatever they undertake must, and will be accomplished. Come forward, ye gallant sons and daughters of the Crescent City, and give the

Ladies a gallant response—one you will ever have cause to be proud of—and may we have the happiness of knowing that these Banners will be borne and followed by brave and patriotic soldiers, which have, in triumph, waved over “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”—[*N. O. Delta*.

A FRIEND TO HIS COUNTRY.

---

☞ It will be gratifying to the friends of religion and patriotism, to learn that his Excellency, the Governor, has recommended the propriety and importance of the appointment of a Chaplain to the Brigade now fitting out under the command of Brigadier Gen. Smith, upon the requisition of Gen. Taylor, for the seat of war, on the Rio Grande. This has been approved by Gen. Gaines, and the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, pastor of Soule Chapel, has been recognized as Chaplain to the Brigade. While men of all classes are cheerfully rallying to the standard of their country, when invaded by a foreign foe, ready to forego the comforts of home for the tented field, and battle plain, as a rampart for their altars and their firesides, we need fear nothing from a foreign power.—[*N. O. Picayune*.

---

☞ Rev. L. L. ALLEN, whom many of our citizens will remember as a visitor here some three or four years since, has been officiating as Chaplain to the recently disbanded Louisiana volunteers. He has returned to St. Louis, and is writing in the American some interesting articles on matters and things connected with the expedition.—[*Glasgow News*.

---

☞ The *Louisville Courier* says: The Rev. Mr. ALLEN, who accompanied the Louisiana Legion to the Rio Grande, has been furnishing the St. Louis American with some very interesting sketches of incidents that came under his observation.

---

We find in the St. Louis *American* some interesting letters from Camp, by the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, a Methodist clergyman. We give some of his sketches:

*A Rio Grande Breakfast*.—In the morning the *reveille* beats, then breakfast—but of that I must not speak. My powers of description are not sufficiently graphic, to give the reader a just idea of a soldier's breakfast. Among the volunteers upon the Rio Grande, a large dish is generally placed on the ground, either in front of, or in the tent, containing good old salt seven by nine pork—and once we had fresh meat; then comes a large

camp kettle, containing coffee of the most superior quality, of course; then is brought on a tin plate of hard biscuit. Each man takes his tin cup, with his iron spoon, and then with his fingers, if he has no knife or fork, helps himself to a slice of meat and bread; and then seating themselves in a circle commence operations—and as the work of mastication goes on, the mind is engaged also. The ready wit and laughing joke are heard, and for awhile they forget that they ever had any other home; and one would think, from their appearance, that they had been born and bred in a camp.

*Military Duty.*—Both officers and men find it highly necessary to cultivate that very important qualification in a soldier, patience. And, in reading the history of nations, we find that their soldiers have undergone hardships, which to us appear almost incredible. Carthage, Rome, Greece, Persia, Sparta, Europe, and America, have given the most striking instances, in proof, of the assertion, and it must necessarily be so. He who looks for rich feasts and downy beds in the camp of a soldier, will miss it most egregiously. Take away the privations and the sufferings of the Revolution, and the glory and honor departs. His privations are identified with his honors. Hence, when a man enlists, he makes up his mind, patiently to submit to all that pertains to his profession. And in the army there must positively be the officer, and the soldier—there must be discipline. Every order that is issued, from the highest in command down to the Fourth Corporal, must be positively and promptly obeyed and executed, in order to secure respect, and ensure success.—[*Cincinnati Paper*.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

*Messrs. Editors.*—By giving the following beautiful and chaste poetry a place in your paper, you will confer a favor upon many friends, and very much oblige yours, &c.,

L. L. ALLEN.

The following verses were written by Rev. W. Cleghorn, of Alabama, in answer to some lines in which the Bible was represented as being the "Lone Star," that points out the way to heaven.

The Bible? yes, it is the star  
That points us out the way to Heaven;  
But there's another, brighter far,  
To penitents in mercy given.



A hope in Christ, without it none  
 Can travel far that thorny road ;  
 Where tears, and bloody sweat, and groans,  
 Trace out the suffering Son of God.

The scarlet robe, the crown of thorns,  
 The Cross, the Vinegar and Gall,  
 Are landmarks for the soul that mourns,  
 To find, and crown him " Lord of All."

A hope in Christ, O blessed gift,  
 Brought by the Holy Ghost from Heaven,  
 The Star that " lumes life's gloomy path,"  
 And witnesses our sins forgiven. •

Lord, let this hope in life, in death  
 Here from my peaceful breath be riven ;  
 Ripened to certainty by faith,  
 Its end, a crown of life in Heaven.

On hope in Christ's triumphant wing,  
 When death my soul from earth shall sever,  
 Angels shall bear me home to sing,  
 Glory to God and Christ forever.

W. C. P. C.

## DEATH OF COL. CLAY,

BY REV. L. L. ALLEN.

Author of " Pencillings upon the Rio Grande," &c.

The battle of Buena Vista will ever be memorable in the history of nations, on account of the circumstances which surrounded it, and the prowess of our troops—from the great skill and coolness which our chivalrous and patriotic officers evinced throughout the whole engagement. Our illustrious and distinguished General-in-Chief, Major General Zachary Taylor, won for himself imperishable honors and unfading laurels. Santa Anna, President of Mexico, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of Mexico, had suddenly marched at the head of twenty-two thousand soldiers of his own selection, with staff and field officers that he could confide in, to that part of the province where Gen. Taylor was encamped, with a force of little more than five thousand men. Although the disparity was so great in the respective armies, yet what our armies lacked in numbers was made up in valor—our troops performed prodigies of gallant

and heroic feats. When the conflict commenced it was a scene of terrible grandeur and awful magnificence—the huge rocks displayed their rugged and cragged fronts in one direction, looking down from their lofty summits, like the pyramids of Egypt, upon the mighty conflict which was ensuing below. Notwithstanding the sun occasionally poured forth his scorching and withering rays upon the earth, now and then a gentle zephyr would fan the foliage, and cause a rustling among the leaflets, as if in sympathy with the fierce contest; the waters gushed up from bubbling springs, and dashed in silvery cascades among the green hills, but was soon mingling with the crimson current which flowed from the death wound of many a brave soldier—in every direction squadrons of men hastened to the fearful strife.—The contending armies rushing with tremendous shouts to the onset, while the huzzas of the victors, went up to the very dome of heaven—the banners were waving in the air—the thunder of artillery shook the earth, and the blaze of musketry and the gleaming of swords rendered the scene painfully interesting; while the shrieks of the wounded and dying were most agonizing in the intervals of the conflict—the music of the bands would roll in upon the ear in thrilling and enlivening strains. General Taylor was seen riding his favorite charger, who had borne him so proudly through the line, cheering his men in the conflict unheeding the messengers of death, which flew thick and fast around him. At length the enemy were completely routed, and fled with the renowned Santa Anna at their head, accompanied by many of his distinguished chieftains. “We had met the enemy and they were ours;” but what a victory—at what an expense had it been achieved—how many valuable lives have been lost. Oh! it is a sickening and paralyzing scene to pass over the battle field, after a hard fought and sanguinary conflict, to gaze upon the heaps of slain—of your own noble and brave companions—who, but a few hours before, were moving with animation and energy among their fellow soldiers, but who had been smitten with the steel, or pierced by a ball—now struck down and lying a stiffened inanimate lump of earth—their spirits fled to a world unknown. Heaps of men lay upon the green sward, with no other winding sheet but the dew of heaven, and the life blood which flowed in streams from mortal wounds received in defence of their country. Though nature may erect their monuments, yet their heroic and chivalrous deeds will be enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen; and their memories enthroned in the affections of every son and daughter of freedom. Among heroes who fell upon that memorable day, there

was one, whose name is associated with the whole American nation. Colonel Clay, the son of America's statesman and orator, fell in the midst of the thickest and fiercest of the contest, nobly baring his breast to the conflict. While leaning on his men to the charge, he fell mortally wounded—his men were obliged to struggle for victory or death, consequently their leader was left to die in the arms of his faithful friend Captain Cutter. Oh ! it was a painfully agonizing scene to look upon that noble form and mild countenance, yielding himself up to the iron hand of death, and resigning his spirit into the hands of his God. Reclining his head upon the bosom of his friend, the blood fast oozing from his wound, and his eyes swimming in the waters of death, "here," said he, "take these pistols to my honored father and say to him, that I return the present he made without disgracing them, or sullyng the reputat on of my name ;" then calmly resigned himself to death—one struggle and all was over, the body of Col. Clay, lay "like a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak wrapped around him." Peace to thy memory—tread lightly over the ashes of the dead. In the fall of Clay our army lost one of its brightest ornaments, and America one of her most gallant and purest patriots. There are other hearts which bleed beside those of his brethren in arms who survive him, and beside his numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. Ashland is shrouded in mourning—sorrow is depicted in every face of that stricken family as they gather around the domestic board in their sanctuary. There is a tender and affectionate wife who is left a widow, and her heart stricken, and a wound inflicted which time can never entirely heal. There are little ones, too, who a few months before had a father ; but who, alas ! now are left without the protection of such a parent. And there is the subdued and pent up feelings of an idolizing mother, now gushing forth from the deep fountains of her very soul ; and the father, who has stood before the American nation for more than a quarter of a century, with his colossal mind and Herculean strength, as America's great statesman, having been smitten, blow after blow ; and who, in the loftiness of his intellect and majesty of his strength, has borne up with dignity and calmness, which belongs to his nature, amid the many conflicts which have surrounded him ; at length gives way to this most severe stroke of all ; and the great man bows to the mandate of his God—and he is affected even to tears. The letter from General Taylor to Henry Clay, conveying the mournful intelligence of the death of his son, is characteristic of the old soldier—couched in the most tender and delicate language—full of great sympathy, and wishing to

soothe his anguish. There is not a heart in all America that does not throb in sympathy with Henry Clay. But Gen. Taylor and Henry Clay need no eulogies from me—their fame has been wafted far over sea and land, and a nation will ever be proud in the remembrance of being honored with such a distinguished General, and with such an illustrious statesman.

---

## DEATH OF THE YOUNG ADJUTANT OF THE ARMY OF TEXAS.

BY REV. L. L. ALLEN.

Author of 'Pencilings upon the Rio Grande,' &c.

Henry S——, was an only child, idolized by his father, and loved with an undying affection by a fond mother; possessed of an ardent temperament, generous to a fault, of an open and ingenuous mind, unsuspecting because innocent himself—not a single mean streak lingered around the region of his heart, and above all, he was as chivalrous and as patriotic a youth as ever trod on the face of this green earth. With such rare qualifications and noble traits, how could it be otherwise, than that he should be the favorite of all who became acquainted with him.—In 1836, when Texas was calling aloud for volunteers to come to the rescue, young Henry S., was among the first to enroll his name as a volunteer. It was my happiness to enjoy his confidence and friendship, as also to accompany him to the land of the Lone Star! We became, as a matter of course, devoted to each other; there was a congeniality of soul, kindred spirits had met; here was an affiliation of soul. When the company of which we were members, had arrived at Washington, upon the Brazos, Henry was unanimously elected a lieutenant, any when we had marched to head-quarters, upon the Gaudaloupe, he was appointed adjutant.

Such a distinction conferred upon a mere youth, was an honor of which he might have been justly proud. His conduct in this capacity, was every way highly satisfactory to both officers and men. He bore himself on all occasions, as a gallant soldier; and with how much pleasure did we hang his young brow with laurels; and with how much delight did we all pour out our meed of praise upon our young hero; and how the heart of the fond and devoted mother thrilled with emotion, when hearing of the lofty and daring feats of her boy; and how the old veterans lifted in talk of an ornament and honor to our arms; and how the younger soldiers with their cheeks flushed with



the sun, used to talk of the gallant deeds of their boy. O, he was indeed, the idol of the whole army; but alas! the destroyer had come, and that gallant youth was doomed to fall a prey to the demon—not by a leaden messenger—not from the thundering cannon, nor by the bristling bayonet, nor yet by the keen and glistening sword—he who had received honored scars in defence of freedom's hallowed cause, was destined to fall by a foe potent, though his approaches were slow, yet sure of his prey, because he wielded his magic wand,

Henry, alas! like too many others, paused, listened, and yielded to the temptation, and was ruined. While memory holds her empire, the rough hand of time never can erase from my mind the scene which occurred upon the banks of the Lavaca, on the night of the 7th of August, 1836. I was aroused from my slumbers while reposing on my camp-couch in my marquee, about 10 o'clock, by a messenger from my devoted friend the young adjutant. Hastily repairing to his quarters, I found him lying upon his couch surrounded by others of his faithful friends, with a dim flickering lamp throwing out its faint rays as if in sympathy with the scene. The moon rode high in the heavens, while the great dome hung out her lamps; and now and then a fleecy cloud paused a moment, as if to enquire who kept their vigils, and who watched the vestal fires at such an unseemly hour; the sentry trod lightly as he passed his lonely round for fear of disturbing the loneliness and the sacredness of the hour, while the murmurings of the river mingled its notes and voice with the solemnity of the scene. Occasionally the distant thunder rolled away in the distance, as the voice of the mighty God, and the vivid lightnings flashed and streamed through the heavens as though ominous of the sad and mournful scene. Every officer and soldier, almost held his breath for fear of disturbing the sacredness of the hour. Such, gentle reader, is a faint outline of the scene which surrounded the couch of my comrade, of my brother-in-arms, and more than this, of my sincere and devoted friend the young adjutant. As I almost breathlessly approached his couch, with my heart in my throat and eyes, he reached out his fevered and trembling hand, his countenance becoming animated, and his burning eye still retaining some of its former lustre, and exclaimed, "My friend," in low and feeble tone, "I have sent for you in my last dying hour to receive my last message;" and then with the struggles of a dying man, with the death rattle in his throat, attempted to reach me a pocket Bible from his side. Putting my ear down to his quivering lips,—"Take this Bible—a priceless gift and gem from my dear and affectionate mother,—that I have listened to her admonitions and the precepts contain-



I hope will not be wholly without interest to my numerous friends.

I was sent for one evening from a prison house by a young Lieutenant, who desired to see me very much. I obeyed the summons immediately, and soon arrived in company with the messenger at the prison, which was a miserable and lonely looking place, dilapidated and fast going to decay. The turnkey soon made his appearance, placing the key in the lock with a very great effort, turned back the bolt, and placing his body against a huge door, composed of solid massive iron, he forced it open. Oh, how it grated on its rusty hinges, making my blood curdle in my veins. On entering this lonely and damp abode, the cold, chilly wind that came through one little space fell upon the heart, for it was the month of January. After a few moments pause, which was deeply agonizing to me, lights were brought. Recovering from my momentary shock, produced by the awful stillness and death like silence which pervaded the spot, my eyes rested upon the form of a young man, of about nineteen years, lying upon a straw pallet, with one hundred and fifty pounds of iron upon his ancles, chaining him fast to a large ring in the floor, which was solid rock. His countenance was as white as the drifted snow—his forehead high and intellectual—his features mild and pleasant. Fixing his keen piercing eyes upon me, his bosom heaving and struggling with powerful emotions, he addressed me as follows: "I have sent for you, my friend, as a messenger of peace, to ask you to do me one more favor, and remember it is the request of a dying man," and then the burning tears coursed down his cheeks as he heaved a sigh—he continued, "in a few days, I must die an ignominious death. I must be hung up between the heavens and earth, a spectacle for men and angels to look upon;" and then the tears would choke his utterance, so that he could not proceed. At length, recovering himself, he continued: "I wish you to accompany me from my cell to the place of execution, and preach my funeral sermon. His request was complied with. At length, that long-dreaded day rolled on, and if my feelings were so acute, what agony must he have endured. As usual on such occasions, there was an immense concourse of people in attendance, composed of men, women, and children. The prisoner was seated on a coffin painted black; it was placed in a common cart. He was habited in a white shroud, with a black cap over his face, and that hateful cord around his neck, and a coil of it in his right hand. He was guided by as fine a looking and noble hearted company of young soldiers, as ever drew a sword or shouldered a rifle, to the place of execution. On arriving at the foot of the stairs, he ascended

the scaffold with a firm step, and took his place upon the fatal drop. After a fervent prayer had been offered up for him by a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, I attempted to perform one of the most painful duties which has fallen to my lot; and I pray most sincerely that it may never occur again. After I had finished my discourse, the prisoner standing on the platform with the rope around his neck, addressed the audience in the following language. "My friends, listen to the words of a dying man, and take warning from my example. At the early age of nine years, I lost one of the best of mothers. Her last words to me were, Charles, my dear son, beware of bad company; and above all, shun the wine cup—remember my son it is a mother's dying advice. Although ten summers have passed away, yet I still hear her sweet and silvery voice falling upon my ear. Had I followed her advice, I should not be here. Alas! I forget her counsels—mingled with the unprincipled—drank wine freely and gambled, and became addicted to the maddening bowl; and while heated with the accursed wine, in a fatal hour, I committed a crime contrary to the laws of God and my country. To the young, especially, let me warn you to shun the wine cup, and the course which I have pursued. I shall in a few moments be ushered into the presence of a sin-avenging God; and may He have mercy upon my soul. To you, sir. (turning to me,) who have been so kind and attentive to me, I return the grateful acknowledgments of my heart, which will soon cease to beat. And now I bid you farewell—remember we shall all meet again before the Throne of Heaven—farewell! farewell! farewell!" The cord was adjusted, the drop fell, and the spirit of the young lieutenant was ushered into eternity. My friends pause, and remember that a life of vice will lead to death, while the path of uprightness and virtue will lead to endless joy.

---

Written for the Columbian Fountain.

## ASSASSINATION OF COL. TEAL.

BY REV. L. L. ALLEN.

Author of "Pencillings upon the Rio Grande," &c.

We take pleasure in publishing an extract from the manuscript of a work now preparing for the press from the pen of this gifted and graphic writer, entitled "Pencillings in Texas, during the Campaign of 1835, '36, '37;" and also a continuation of his "Pencillings upon the Rio Grande," while he was officiating as Chaplain in the United States service, in Mexico, with our illustrious and distinguished chieftian, Major Gen. Zachary Taylor. The author has kindly consented to contribute to the col.

muns of our paper from the many deeply interesting and thrilling scenes which have fallen under his personal observation. We are quite sure that our numerous readers will peruse them with the same pleasure which we derive in publishing them.

Henry Teal was as noble a young man as ever trod the face of this green earth. While on a line of march in 1835 as a volunteer in the scenes of the land of the "Lone Star," I met young Teal for the first time at Nacogdoches, acting then as Captain in the recruiting service. Finding him possessed of so many noble traits of Character, I became very much attached to him, and we soon became very intimate.

My duties called me to the frontiers beyond Grudaloupe in the vicinity of the Alamo, consequently, I did not meet my friend for some time, which was soon after the memorable battle of San Jacinto, which secured to Texas her freedom.

The main army was then under the command of Generals Houston and Johnson at camp Preston, on the Lavaca river. I here had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of Teal, who had been promoted to the rank of Col. He was a noble specimen of Georgia's patriotic and chivalrous sons; generous to a fault; possessed of all those noble qualities of head and heart that endear a man to his fellow man—he was the idle of the army, but fortunately, like too many others, he was addicted to a habit which was destined to cause his death; and, I fear, doom him to eternal wretchedness. Among all his excellent qualities he indulged in the use of alcohol—and while in a convivial circle one evening in his markee, wine was circulated very freely—the mind became excited and unrestrained. At length some remarks were made which were considered personal—a quarrel ensued—the party broke up in confusion. Menacing looks were exchanged—low murmuring threats were given.

I remember upon one of the darkest nights I ever experienced, and so long as memory holds its empire, the rough hand of time never will erase from my mind the scene which transpired on that awful night. Col Teal was reposing upon his camp couch in his markee, and Gen. Cook upon another one opposite his—the tattoo had beat—the golden orb of day had sunk behind the western hills—night had wrapped her sable drapery around the earth. The moon withheld her silvery rays; the stars disappeared, one after another—the heavens gathered blackness in a tenfold degree; the rain began to fall in torrents; the thunder rolled in the distance in sullen and terrific grandeur; the fierce lightnings flashed and gleamed in terrible majesty, and it appeared really as though the whole arena of heaven and earth had come together. The Lavaca came leaping by like a

race horse, as though it would break over its boundaries, and the dismal clouds came careering through the sky like the giant tread of an earthquake. Most of the officers and men were sleeping, save the faithful sentry as he walked his lowly round of duty; and amid the awful warring of the elements upon such a night, and amid such a scene as I have faintly delineated, was committed a deed which humanity weeps over, and at this distant period and place, my blood almost curdles in my veins. One small lamp was throwing out its flickering rays in the marquee of Col. Teal, by the light of this did the dastardly assassin fire the deadly ball, which passed directly through his heart, creating almost instant death. Gen. Cook in the interval of the storm was awakened from his sleep by the report of a musket and the death-yell of Col. Teal—he sprang to his couch raised him up and found the warm blood gushing from his wound, and then shouted to the top of the voice, “Good heavens! my friend Teal is dead.” Yes it was too true—our mutual friend had fallen by the hand of the assassin, and alcohol was the cause of it. The next day we buried him according to the rights and honors of war. Oh, it was a melancholy scene to see one so young so noble stricken down in the midst of such an active life—and as his corpse was borne along upon the bier carried upon the shoulders of his men, in whose affection he was enthroned, and who would have plucked out their very eyes and given him, “With his martial cloak wrapped around him,” and swords crossed upon his breast. I could not suppress the deep emotions of my own heart, or prevent the gushing of a font of tears that bathed my own face, and so we proceeded on in the mournful procession amid the bayonet and swords gleaming in the sun; the nodding plumes, the waving banners, the roll of the muffled drum, the sound of the shrill fife, fell mournfully and in melancholy strains upon the ear. The soldiers trod slowly with their arms reversed. When upon arriving at the grave, we gazed for the last time upon the mild and manly features of a soldier who had won laurels in defence of his country, but who, alas had fallen a prey to the demon of intemperance. We placed his body down in the narrow limits of the grave, and heaped the last green sod over his sleeping dust. We carved not a line, we raised not a stone, but left him to rest until the resurrection morn. But ah, me, who can tell of his final doom, when the curtain which hides us from eternity shall be rolled up, and his soul all unanealed be ushered into eternity—and who can tell the fearful consequences that await the murderous assassin when he shall be ushered into the presence of his Maker, with his hands wreaking in the blood of his victim. But the scene is too sad to con-



template, and I would fain draw a veil over such scenes, and raise my warning voice, by this and a thousand other scenes of a like character which are staining the hearts of our countrymen, and dooming them to eternal sorrow and undying pain.

---

*Address of the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, late Chaplain, in the U. S. Service, on the Rio Grande, delivered at a Temperance meeting in Washington D. C., at the presentation of a Banner by the Ladies.*

Without any previous arrangement I rise to address you, catching inspiration from the scenes which surround me, upon one of the most deeply interesting subjects which can possibly occupy the mind, or engage the heart of intelligent beings, and allow me to congratulate you upon the felicitous scenes with which we are at this moment surrounded. I should be wanting in the feelings which belong to intelligent beings were I not sensible of the honor thus conferred upon me in being invited to take some humble part in the delightful exercises of the evening. This is an interesting period in the history of the Temperance cause in East Washington; the heavens without lend enchantment to the scene within, and the atmosphere is mild and bland, the moon walks forth in her queenly beauty, the silvery stars are keeping their vigils, and all nature smiles with pleasure and happiness; and we are greeted with happy countenances, beaming eyes, and warm hearts. The mellow strains of music from the choir fall upon the ear like the minstrelsy of heaven; and woman—heaven's best gift to man—has come out to greet us with her smiles and influence, in a cause which involves such mighty and momentous interests. The beautiful and elegant gift presented in such a chaste and appropriate manner also conspires to add felicity to the scene. Having thus briefly adverted to the circumstances which surround us and the objects that have convened us, I will now address myself on the subject before me.

My friends, we live in an exceedingly interesting period of the world, when the mind is occupied with high and noble objects. We have met to battle with a foe more potent and devastating in his influence than the sword, pestilence or famine. One who is sweeping over our fair and happy land, like a fiery siroco, carrying in his resistless tide millions of our countrymen, and although it is a humiliating acknowledgement, it is nevertheless true, that too many fold their arms, hug their chains, lying upon their oars, and listening to the syren songs, while sudden destruction cometh upon them. Oh, it is a fearful and painfully agonizing sight to witness the paralysing and withering effect of the demon of intemperance upon its victims in the various relations which



they sustain to community. I have witnessed its sad effects upon the statesman who has stood up in the loftiness of his soul with his great strength of mind and brilliancy of thought, compelling his auditors to do him homage, but who alas! in an evil hour, has yielded himself to the destroyer and fallen—Oh! how low! I have seen the physician who by virtue of his profession, is permitted to tread the domestic sanctuary where no other can approach, and who was honored and respected by his fellow men and who was also an ornament to his profession, I have seen him too yielding to the destroying hand of alcohol, and ruined eternally. And I have also looked upon the Holy minister of the cross clad in the livery of the church and panoplied all over with the armor of heaven, as the priest of the Most High, being enthroned in the affections of the people, and pouring out his ardent prayers, and earnest appeals to dying men. Yes, and I have seen him, alas! fallen a prey to intemperance. And I have watched the warrior, as he went forth to battle for his country, march calmly up to the thundering cannon, and then rush upon a rampart of bristling bayonets, amid the gleaming of swords, rattling of spears, waving of banners, nodding of plumes, roll of the drum, the sound of the clarion, the rushing of the foe, the groans of the dying, and amid scenes of blood and carnage he has won imperishable honors. And his countrymen have delighted to bind upon his brow a wreath of immortal fame, And I have heard his name mentioned by all classes with pride, but ah, me! the chivalrous and patriotic soldier has fallen a victim to a foe more potent than the sword, for it has carried him to a drunkard's grave and doomed him to everlasting woe, and undying pain.

But we are here to night to encourage each other in the sublime and godlike cause of temperance. And as an Order of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance we have great cause to rejoice and take courage, and redouble our diligence. I am most happy to state to the friends of temperance that we are all engaged in the same high and holy enterprise as members of the old temperance societies, Rechabites, Total Abstinents, Washingtonians, Sons and Daughters, Templars, Cadets, and the young Misses: thus combined fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, parents and children, we march in solid and firm phalanx right up to the very battlements of the foe. If, as an Order we have in less than five years enrolled under our banner more than one hundred thousand men, good and true, and nearly twenty five thousand ladies, true as steel, besides the institution of Templars, Cadets, and young ladies. I say if we have accomplished so much in such a brief period, under discouraging cir-

cumstances, being in our infancy, what will we not accomplish in the future if we are true to our principle, and true to each other? We have persons connected with us of every description, agriculturists, mechanics, merchants, artists, artisans, orators, poets, sculpturers, and painters, together with eminent statesmen, sagacious lawyers, skillful physicians, profound and deeply pious divines, and what, I inquire, does the Temperance cause contemplate? She contemplates what the gospel does. She designs to lift up the fallen, sorrow-stricken and crushed heart, and from the pale cheek to wipe, with the soft hand of kindness, the tears of anguish, and implant in the heart joy and gladness, and not only enthrone them again in the esteem and confidence of the good, but to be instrumental eventually of enthroning them with God and angels in the clime of unsullied happiness and unclouded glory! The Temperance cause is preparing material for the Christian church, and is a powerful auxiliary. Then, as an Order, we can accomplish often more even than a church. I remember once upon a time a citizen of one of the cities of the far West who was comfortably situated and stood high in the estimation of his friends, a man with a mighty intellect withal, and surrounded with a large circle of acquaintances, and blessed with a kind and excellent wife, and affectionate children. But he, too, listened to the voice of the foe and in a few years squandered his property, ruined his family, and almost destroyed himself, and as the trafficker in alchocol and distilled death, swept the last farthing into his coffers, because he had no more to give, turned him uncerimoniously into the street, and whilst lying in the gutter, covered with rags and filth—must I say it? Yes, some ministers of the cross passed by, looked upon him, and then passed on, exclaiming, “poor fellow,” it’s all over with him!” And some members of Christian churches looked coldly on him exclaiming, “Ah, poor fellow you was once very respectable, but you are down at last,” and following their leaders, also passed on. At length a Son of Temperance passed, and having been rescued from the monster himself, knew full well how to sympathize; he stopped to lift him up, exclaiming, “I will take you home.” When the sound fell upon his ear and stricken heart it awakened painful emotions. “Home! I once had a happy and cheerful home, but, alas! for me now, I have no home,” and then the poor inebriate wept tears of bitter anguish. Oh me, how heaven weeps over fallen humanity, and what heart does not throb with the deepest sympathy at the sad scene. But the man of Philanthropy took his brother, though an inebriate, to his own house and called for his wife who was a Daughter of Temperance, to assist him in his task of

benevolence, and woman, true to her nature, bent over the poor wretched drunkard, and lent her aid—a lovely girl, scarcely seventeen summers had pass'd over her fair brow, the rose blooming on her young and delicate cheek in freshness and beauty, was there to aid in this scene of mercy. A little boy of seven years brought water to wash the mud from his mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, and a sweet little angel of a girl, scarcely five years old, looked up into the eyes of its parent, exclaiming in the innocence of its young heart, “Pa!” let me do something too.” They remembered that there was an immortal spirit wrapped in human clay, and the wife bent over the poor man watching with intense emotion the throbbing of his agonizing heart, wiping off with her own soft and delicate hand the sweat that gathered upon his brow. He awoke from his dream of inebriation and found himself surrounded with kind friends, then bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed in the bitter anguish of his soul: “Oh, rum, rum, rum, thou destroyer of my peace and happiness! my poor heart broken wife and my stricken and desolate children.” And then he wept again but his wants were anticipated, for he was surrounded by true Sons and Daughters of Temperance; *hope*, began to dawn upon him again, *joy* once more took possession of his heart, and *happiness* was again felt in his family, and *prayer* was heard in their cottage, and the morning and evening *hymn* arose as incense before the throne of heaven, and at this moment that man and his family occupy a respectable position among their fellow-citizens. Oh, how many poor and unfortunate men are now wandering through our streets, degraded by rum, and many a fond wife’s hopes are crushed in consequence; how many widow’s hearts are rung with anguish and how many burning tears are shed by the hapless orphan cast out upon the cold pitiless world to buffet with its rude winds? Oh, my friends, I call upon you as patriots and christians, parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, by the memory of the immortal Washington, by the love you bear your country, by all that is sacred in heaven or on earth, *all, ALL*—to rise up in the majesty of your strength, and wage an eternal warfare against the demon of intemperance. But I am to speak of the cause of intemperance in the Army of Occupation in the valley of the Rio Grande. Intemperance among our brave and patriotic troops in Mexico exists to an alarming degree. My duties made it necessary to become acquainted with its appalling effect upon the officers and soldiers. The venders of alcohol have found their way to our army, and many, very many of our soldiers have fallen through their iustmentality. Men possessed of hearts, noble hearts as ever throbbd in the bosom of man,

have paused, listened, and fell; brave men who have distinguished themselves in the great battles of our country at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Matamoros, Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo; men who have won immortal honor and their names inscribed high upon the archives of fame, have yielded to the tempter and fell. Oh, what keen anguish hath taken possession of my own soul, as I have bent over the body of an interesting young soldier to stifle the wound received in defence of his rights, but how much more pain have I experienced when called upon to administer to him in his dying hours, to gaze upon the eye losing its lustre, and swimming in death, and beholding the quivering lip and the pulsation of life becoming few and feeble, nature fast ebbing out, and the last flickering rays of the lamp of life throwing out their scintillations, and what is infinitely more painful, is the fact that the brave and gallant young soldier's death was hastened in consequence of the use of alcohol, but I am happy to state that there are very many both officers and soldiers in the American army in Mexico, who are as distinguished for their habits of temperance as are they for their deeds of gallantry, and it gives me much pleasure to add the name of our distinguished General Z. Taylor, as a man of temperate habits, together with many others associated with him. But my respected auditors I am trespassing upon your time, I am admonished by the circumstances which surround me to bring my remarks to a close. The only apology for detaining you, is the deep interest which I feel in the subject, and the profound attention with which you have done me the honor to listen; adding my most ardent prayers and confident wishes that the glorious cause of temperance may continue to prosper, until Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance in Ireland, shall be met by the champions of our noble cause in America, when the shouts and songs of temperance roll forth from millions of happy Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and beside the stripes and stars of our beloved country be unfurled, not only the banner of the Cross, but the flag of Temperance, and this trio of banners continue to wave forever in triumph o'er "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

FINIS.









WERT  
BOOKBINDING  
Grantville, Pa.  
Jan - Feb 1989  
We're Quality Bound

